

Coming Home

by Moonlight Snowflake

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Summary: HTTYD 2 SPOILERS - When ordered to kill by the alpha, something inside the controlled night fury told him not to kill but only stun the boy in front of him, weeks after the final battle with Drago, Stoick has awakened after long unconsciousness in a village far away from Berk and must begin his journey home.

1. Chapter 1

(Okay, Stoick's death hurt all of us, and he was just a good character, swallowing his pride, accepting a new way of living and repairing his relationship with his son and finding his wife, SO CLOSE and yet SO FAR, but we are talking about Stoick the Vast here guys, like he said, it takes more than a little fire to kill him, let's see what happened)

Toothless POV

That monster was heading towards Hiccup and me, in truth, though I'd never admit it, I was scared, this monster that calls himself Drago, he and his beast defeated the alpha, right before my eyes, I saw members of my own kind, being drawn to this thing, this _beast_, stripped of their own free will, of their own ****minds**. ****But** I kept my utmost concern was for Hiccup.

It was almost too painful to watch, Hiccup trying to talk some sense into this man, I felt sorry for my rider, he is a kind and wonderful human who believes in the good of any and every creature. But this Drago, he was nothing but evil, insanity, and darkness, pure awful darkness, I couldn't see, not even a glimmer of hope in his dark, soulless and merciless eyes. He uses his lost _arm_ as an excuse, at that very moment I so wished I could talk to him, or rather, scream at him. I lost half my _tail_, Hiccup lost his _leg_, and we found a way to keep going, and ended up putting the old prejudices aside and making a world for _both_ dragons and vikings in peace.

But ****him****, he enslaved, torture and probably even _killed_ countless innocents for his own selfishness. How could he even attempt an excuse like that. Then he looked at his _pet_, then at me, and though for only a glance, I could tell, he had something twisted coming from his skull.

"No dragon can resist the Alpha".

What did he mean, by... _ow_, there was a sudden pang, as if something was hitting my brain, making bounce around in my head, I shook, I growled, trying to think of something, _anything_ to stop the torture.

_"Stop resisting, it will only worsen the pain", _ that voice, deep, hard and cold sounding, and yet somehow _inviting_, _" come to me, just relax, give in to me and everything will be _alright_"_

I started to listen to the voice, could I just end the pain now, just like that, but I could still hear the sound of Hiccup, concerned, and worried, and it was as if his voice was reminding me of the danger, warning me not to obey, but the longer I resisted, the more intense the pain, the voice was becoming louder, stronger and more forceful, overpowering Hiccups pleas for me.

"Give in to your master, give in to my command"

I began to loosen my grip, ease on the fighting in my skull, and before I knew it, everything went ****black****.

* * *

><p>Controlled Toothless POV

Emptiness is all the dragon felt, hollow, only there to serve it's master, _"kill him"_ a simple order for the reptile, he approached the figure he was order to kill, but as he approached something happened, this human, something in his head stirred, blurry and hard to make out, like a memory from a half remembered dream, the faint sounds of the human, pleading, pleading for him ?

"Toothless no, no", the human kept repeating. _Toothless _? Why did that seem familiar, and that voice, warm and kind, something told the dragon he simply could not kill him.

But the order was clear. What could be done ?

What if he only _stunned_ him, caused him pain, though not lethal, that would please his master. With mind set, a blast was breathed, but it didn't hurt this human, it hurt another one. Then something happened.

* * *

><p>Toothless POV

I shook my head, and opened my eyes, I felt as though I had just woken up from a deep sleep, though memory of the dream escaped me, but though I was indeed awake, my greatest nightmare was right in front of me.

Stoick was on the ground unconscious, both Hiccup and Valka were beside him, Valka put her head to his chest, after a few moments, her eyes dulled and began to fill with tears. Hiccup's face became first a look of shock and disbelief but soon turned into the look of hopelessness his mother was sharing. I suddenly had realization, like a flash before my eyes, I saw a flash of blue and purple light, and a large silhouette being hit by it, a quick memory, now I understood.

I did this.

I tried to approach Hiccup, but he yelled with anger and pushed me away, I didn't blame him, he had plenty good reason to, I gave in to the monster and because of that, I had become one.

As I treaded away, I felt empty, no longer even having the want to go on, and before I knew it, I heard the bewilderbeast roar and things once again became black.

* * *

><p>Present Day

The night fury looked back on these things on top of his and his rider's home. It had been four weeks since the battle, the bewilderbeast was conquered, Valka returned, sharing her information on dragons to the town, and Hiccup was chief, all should had been right with the world, but it wasn't for Toothless.

"Hey Tooth" the dark reptile was taken from his deep thought by the nadder.

"Hi Stormfly", he answered dull and dryly. The nadder's face became one of concern, "what wrong, come on you can tell me".

"Nothing is wrong", he snapped spitefully, maybe too more than intended, but the spiked reptile didn't seem offended and actually became more sarcastic.

"If that's so, then why are you sitting here alone, staring off in to space, the battle's over, I would think you would had been the most relieved and happy about it".

"I am it's just that..._sigh*_ I don't know" he answered in defeat just before thinking up something for quickly changing the subject, "but what are _you_ doing here, shouldn't you be flying with Astrid?"

This earning him a smirk from the female, "I'm not flying with my rider for the same reason your not with yours, their both a little _busy_ at the moment, now quit changing the subject".

The night fury sighed again, knowing he wasn't going to be fooling Stormfly, it was _Stormfly_ he was talking too, he looked down at the ground below and gave a half-hearted laugh, "take a guess".

The nadder turned her head to the direction of his, it was Valka with some younger children around her asking for stories about her twenty years with the dragons and luckily for them, Valka is a great storyteller. Stormfly got a clue and sighed herself.

"Toothless, please don't tell me your still upset over what happened to Stoick"

"He's dead Stormfly, they were a big happy family again and I ruined it for them, I ruined their happiness, Hiccup saved my life, fixed my tail and gave me a new trust and view on humans, and how do I repay him, by killing his father and..."

"TOOTHLESS STOP, please, I can't stand to hear this, it wasn't your fault, we all were put under the influence, I betrayed my rider too, remember", Stormfly stood in front of Toothless and made him look her in the eye, "but you broke free, you saved us, all of us, what happened had happened and it couldn't have been helped, but here we are now, safe and sound, Toothless...it's time to let go".

Toothless saw the true concern and sadness in her eyes, she was a friend that truly cared about him, "your right, I know your right, but I don't think I can completely forgive myself for it".

The blue and yellow reptile nodded, "I understand, just promise you'll try and not cling to it", "I will".

She smiled, "good, I'm going to get some fish, want to come ?", he nodded and as they were about to take off, "oh and Toothless ?"

"yeah ?"

"Try to take a break from all the frowning, it's not a good look for you", she laughed and took off with Toothless laughing and following her pursuit.

And unknown to the two dragons, in a village, miles and miles away from Berk, someone slowly started to open his eyes for the first time in weeks.

(OKAY, now you may be thinking that this Stoick story may be missing a very important factor, Stoick, but it's only the first chapter, I just wanted to address what happened and how it affected the one who caused it, Toothless, read and review and see you soon)

ALSO THE HTTYD FRANCHISE DOES NOT BELONG TO ME, IT BELONGS TO IT'S RESPECTED OWNERS

2. Chapter 2 : I Don't Know

(Welcome Back, I'm glad people are interested in my story, this chapter is really short for me, but I wanted to end on a cliffhanger, but future chapters will be longer and speaking of future, I actually have a HTTYD fic called "To The Future", I'm working on, go check it out)

He opened his eyes slowly, as blurs suddenly started to turn into shapes, forms and textures he could make out, his head hurt, he muttered a low and soft groan, now realizing how scratchy his voice was, he cleared his throat to have his sound of voice back and

feeling the throat also felt dry and when he put his hand to his aching head, he saw that most of the arm was covered in white gauze same for his other arm, and when putting his hand to his head, he felt the fabric around it as well.

The man looked around his environment, he was on a wooden bed, with a thick blanket under him, providing slightly more comfort on the wooden furniture, the room he was in was fairly large, but not very. Across from the bed there was a fireplace with the small remains of a fire still in it. On his left there was a large window, but with drapes covering it, there was no telling of day or night and the only light came from the fire, but being so small, it only left shadows dancing around the room, but for some reason, he felt himself turning away from the fireplace, something about it was _unsettling_.

The only bit of what might be called decoration, was a large rug on the floor and a sword and shield resting by the fireplace. But the man was so absorbed in viewing the room he was in and trying to recall what happened to make him be put there in the first place, that he didn't notice the opening of the door, or hear the soft gasp, but he did hear the sound of something being dropped.

The man looked to see a young girl hurrying to pick up the tray and the small contents that was on it, trying too, as well as keep most focus to the male, she had what looked like a mix of fear, yet relief in his eyes.

"I...I'm so sorry, I'm such a klutz" with the mess cleaned, she walked up to him and set the tray down on a small nightstand beside the bed. The girl looked close to 13 or 14 maybe even 15, she had dark brown hair that mixed well with her light hazel eyes, she had a dark green gown that reached her knees and dark brown pants could be seen covering the rest of her legs.

"Where am I ?" he choked through his dry throat. Apparently the brunette could tell because she quickly handed him a cup of water, "here", it was only half full, no doubt because the other half was spilled when it hit the floor. He drank it thankfully enjoying the cool wet water in his throat. Once he put it down she spoke again.

"Your in the remedial house, in my village Graylore"

"Remedial house ?" he questioned.

"It's for when anyone has a fatal sickness or injury, giving them plenty of time and peace to rest and heal ". She looked to the tray on the table, "are you hungry ?", she put the tray in his lap, on it was two smoked fish, a potato and an apple, which he took eagerly as she continued.

"We found your body, floating on the shore, you had several burns on your body but strangely enough, your clothing was fine, not a single burn on it, your beard had singes but it seems you've grown most of it back by now", she said chuckling at the last part.

"Then we just took you here, but I'm just glad your awake, we were starting to think you wouldn't".

With his food finished he asked, "why, how long have I've been

sleeping ?"

"you've been in Graylore for four weeks" the girl said, hoping he wouldn't react too boldly. He was indeed shocked of course, and he wanted answers, "who are you" was his first question.

"My name is May, but now that you're awake, can you tell me what you last remember ?"

The one in the bed looked suddenly upset, not by the girl, but by the fact that he just now had a realization, "I...I don't know".

"Well can you tell who you are ?" she asked hopefully.

But he shook his head, "I don't know".

(The reason for the not burned clothing WILL BE EXPLAINED, but for now, here's a short little chapter for you, the next one should be up either later today or tomorrow at latest, read and review and this is Moonlight Snowflake signing off)

3. Chapter 3: Welcome To Graylore

(Welcome Back, this is basically just Stoick first getting settled in to this village and his memories are the things in italics, ALSO **I won't be actually calling him "Stoick" till he remembers his name, so for now, he's "that man", but let's continue)
**

"Amnesia", the healer declared, he was a middle-aged man, dark hair and brown eyes, tall and scrawny, but something about him, told the patient, this isn't how a healer should look. May looked concerned, "when will he get his memory back, doctor ?"

"Hard to say, considering we don't know how he came to the state he is now, or know anything about him", the doctor turned to face the viking, "you might have flashes, a few seconds of memory, if something in your subconscious triggers a one, if this happens, don't be alarmed, it just means your healing".

The doctor turned to leave, but May stopped him, "is there anything else you can do ?"

"Well, I can give him some baghju root to help with any headache that can result from this, but other than that, my hands are tied, we'll just have to be patient and hope", and he took his leave.

Once the doctor had left, the young girl went to the red-bearded man, "are you sure there's nothing you can remember ?", but he shook his head.

"Not even your name"

"All I can remember is waking up here, the rest is a blur" he stated, and strangely got her to laugh slightly, "what's so funny ?"

Realizing her mistake, May quickly cleared her throat, "sorry, it's just..well it's your accent, it sounds different", she said trying

to hide a giggle.

Suddenly right before his eyes, like a blur, the bearded man, saw a _small child, maybe 1 or younger giggling and laughing in front of him._

But the vision was gone as quickly as it appeared, leaving the man to try and figure out what he just saw, "are you alright ?", this snapped him back to reality, "y...yes I'm...I'm fine", May was concerned, for a few moments, he just stared off, eyes widened, like he had seen a ghost, maybe he had.

Quick to change the subject, May went on, "you better get some rest, it's late and we need to tell the village your awake in the morning, maybe someone else can help you".

He nodded as she went out the door, he layed down and closed his eyes.

It was nighttime, the sky was dark, but fire could be seen everywhere, people were running around, in hurried panic, throwing nets, knives, swords, axes, you name it, and he was in the middle of it.

He saw a small scrawny figure in green dashing somewhere and he picked the person off the ground with one hand, "what is he doing out here aga...(looking at the figure) what you doing out, get inside" and he tossed the child aside.

Then he looked up in to the sky, seeing a dragon flying away, before he knew it, he grabbed a empty wooden wagon and tossed it at the reptile, then a man walked up to him.

"What do we got ?"

"Gronkles, Nadders, Zipplebacks, oh and a Monstrous Nightmare"

"Any Night Fury's ?"

"None so far"

"Good"

A group of men crowded around him, asking what to do, and he quickly told them "we move to the lower defenses we'll counterattack with the catapults" and he followed the men down...

The morning sun was draped over him, making him open his eyes, he looked up to not find May, but a woman opening the drapes. Her dark hair put up in a braided bun, looking over at him, now realizing he was awake, first looked shock but then smiled at him.

"Well, well, May was right you are awake, sleep well ? "

Before he could answer, May walked through the door with a tray, "I brought some breakfast for yo...*_mother_* !" "

"Hello May", the woman said in a monotone voice, her grey eyes following the girl approaching the man, "I was hoping, if your up for

it, I could give you a tour of the village", then May looked to her mother, "if that's alright with you, of course".

The mother nodded, "be sure to be back by the bonfire".

* * *

><p>Graylore was indeed, a beautiful place, and May was quite informative, almost as if a entire collection of this place was stored in the back of her mind, but when people came by, she lost her cool persona and became nervous and awkward feeling, wait...why did that seem familiar. Luckily, not many actually walked right up to them, no doubt, already told about the stranger and his amnesia. But that didn't stop the staring.<p>

He didn't really notice the staring, he was mostly focused on the dream he had last night, was it just a dream, or a memory, "excuse me May, but I was just wondering, does this island have dragons ?"

In one instant, the young girl started to tense up, and her face became pale, "dr...dr..dragons ?" she stuttered.

"Yes, nadders, gronkles, nightmares, do they never come here".

"Well, not really, they usually stay away from here, sometimes we have a rouge come here,...bu...but we always drive them off", she said rather nervously. The tour was mostly kept in silence after that.

* * *

><p>By nighttime, May led him to the center of town, "where are we going ?"<p>

"The bonfire", she said nonchalantly, and indeed, in the center of town, a giant fire pit was lit with people around it, May lead him across the people to near the center and placed him to sit in the front, and right beside the fire pit, was the woman from that morning. Also what surrounded the fire pit was baskets of food, fish, meat, vegetables, fruits, etc. But as he reached for one, May quickly stopped him and whispered "not yet".

"My people, we are here tonight to welcome our new comer to Graylore, may he find happiness among us,", a small applause was given and the woman put her hand out to silence them, "now, may we enjoy our harvest", and like that, teens, looking slightly older than May, took basket after basket and started handing out food to anyone in service.

People began to eat and enjoy, May's mother walked towards her daughter and the man, "may I sit here ?", she sat herself down between the two, "I'm Arianna, leader of Graylore, and you've met my daughter May, I do hope you feel welcomed while your here though".

"Yes, thank you, you have a fine village Arianna", just as he said this, a few teenagers went up to the fire and started dancing around it, twirling, jumping, spinning around, soon, more teenagers joined in, as did young adults, and children, dancing their own way

around the pit while others would take out small instruments and started playing music to go along with the fast paced dancing.

Arrianna started to chuckle slightly at their fun, May was one of the few still seated and clapping to the music, but the man just looked confused, "what are they doing ?"

"Oh, whenever we have a bonfire feast, people will play music and dance around the flames, it's our way of celebrating" May explained. He nodded, "do you not dance ?"

May suddenly felt awkward, "no, I'm uh... well I'm not the best dancer in the village, I just like to keep to myself".

The entire evening was spent with people singing, dancing, playing, laughing and eating, it was a splendid sight suddenly another flash, so quick he could hardly tell what it was.

A large black thing approached a small green and brown figure, the green one was hugging the black one, "buddy thank you, you are amazing"

Both Arrianna and May looked to him, "are you well" the mother asked.

He shook his head, "fine, thank you, but if I may ask...how much do you know about dragons ?"

(Sorry if this one was weak, I'm having a little writers block. ALSO, the first memory was of Hiccup as a baby, the second was actually Stoick, during the dragon raid at the beginning of the first movie and the third was the near to ending of Gift Of The Night Fury, and because these flashes happen so fast, the picture is usually going to come out in blurs for him, read and review and see you soon, This Is Moonlight Snowflake Signing Off)

4. Chapter 4:Love and War

**(I'm truly sorry for not updating, last week my grandmother had heart surgery and I didn't feel like I could write, but now I'm back and I'm also sorry if this one was short, there will be another chapter tomorrow) **

To Mypettaylor1- I'm sorry if they seem bland right now, that chapter was just for introducing them, but for these next chapters, I'm trying to write them more personality, this will all make sense later, but thank you for your polite and respectful criticism

Arriana was surprised to hear such a question, but before she could answer, a short gray haired man came up to her. "Arriana, I wish to speak with you in the meeting hall, it's urgent !"

"Excuse me for a moment", quick to voiding their new guest's question, she quickly rose to her feet and followed the man in to the meeting hall. The meeting hall was large and spacious, paintings and tapestries of past leaders and historical events lined the walls, several benches lined on the left and right sides of the room, with a

aisle separating them. At the end of the aisle was a round table with chairs and a large throne at the top. The two headed to the round table, on it was a few small papers, and a large diagram of the island and ones surrounding it, with models of ships scattered across it, it looked like a war diagram.

And in fact...it was.

The two walked up to the round table, Arriana observing the papers and diagram, "what is it Marco ?"

Marco took out a scroll, "this came from you...from him", the woman snatched the paper, her expression became grimmer as her eyes scrolled lower across the page, when finished she slammed the letter on the table with the others.

"This is the fourth threat yet"

"Maybe that's all it is, threats, what if it's just a bluff ?"

Arrianna shook her head, clearly upset over it, "no, that's what he wants us to think, to put our guard down", she turned to face Marco, "he preys on the weakest of towns and villages, there's been word he's already taken Casgro, Kijuda and others, pretty soon, he'll add Greylore to his collection". The leader collapsed on to the throne, trying to ease her nerves, but to no avail.

"What should we do your highness ?"

The dark haired woman looked up to him, "what can we do Marco, his tribe consists of not just the strongest of warriors, but the most merciless, the most demented, people who won't give a second thought to a killing, and their leader is the most insane of all,... they have no conscious"

"Are you saying we give in to his commands and surrender ?"

"What choice do we have Marco, if we fight, we are sure to lose countless lives, and he will take over the village, if we surrender, bloodshed we'll be avoided, either way, he shall have Graylore, this way, no life will be lost ."

"What about yours ?", Marco had heard tales of this deranged chief, when controlling a village, he demanded the residents's loyalty, and believed when taking down a village, the ultimate symbol of his authority, would be to take down it's former leader.

Arriana knew this as well, "if my single life could save countless others, it would be a honor and duty of a leader to lay it down".

"but...but what about May ?", this mumbled statement at the mention of her daughters name, made Arriana look up now with much more concern in her eyes as the other continued.

"If I may say your highness,... you and I both now how she's like, and if this monster truly lives up to his claims, do you think he's going to be tolerable and merciful to someone like her ?"

The leader closed her eyes and took a long deep breath, after several minutes she opened her eyes again, all sadness and concern taken from her eyes and replaced with utter seriousness and coldness, "we'll arrange a meeting tomorrow", and she left.

* * *

><p>Back On Berk_

Hiccup at this time has moved on, though strangely something almost told him not to, maybe it was a small bit of denial, a sliver of false hope, wanting to believe that his father was still out there. But at the moment, he had something else to worry about.

"Chief what are you going to do about his dragon thumping on my roof at night ?"

"Well maybe he wouldn't have to, if you didn't wake him up with that pig snort snoring of yours"

"But chief, the armory still needs repairs from the battle"

"And we have rouge Thunderdrums refusing to let us fish on the right side of the island"

"Chief, I'm glad I found you, there is."

An ax landed right in the middle of the group of vikings surrounding the young chief, making everyone take a few good steps back from where they were and turn to the thrower of said ax approach and pull the weapon from the ground.

The blonde, now in the middle of the crowd, faced the vikings, now armed with battle ax, "I'm sorry to bother you, but whatever problems you have, it will have to wait, because right now the Chief is needed elsewhere".

One woman started to argue, "but we were in the middle of. . .
.

"Valka's orders", Astrid said bluntly, turning the ax around with one hand, putting a intimidating demeanor around her, the small crowd nodded, they knew respect for Valka, just as much as they knew not to cross Astrid.

Hiccup followed Astrid to his house, where both Stormfly and Toothless seemed to be waiting. "What does mom need" then he looked around, "actually. where is she anyway ?"

"In the Great Hall, telling the child vikings all about her time in the dragon nest."

Hiccup became confused, "then why did you. . . .*_mmph* _", Astrid was able to silence him with a soft kiss on the lips, after a few sweet moments, she pulled away, leaving a dazed grin on his face, even after all these years, he still had it whenever she gave him a surprise kiss.

After breaking from the spell, he now understood what was going on, looking at the two saddled dragons, his goofy grin became replaced

with a sly smirk, "very devious m'lady".

Astrid chuckled at this, "well I can't exactly have an overworked fiancée, now can I ?"

"I guess not" he answered, boarding onto Toothless, Astrid went up to him, and gave him a peck on the cheek, "besides, you don't want to be overworked right before the wedding, it's in a few days, remember".

Hiccup smiled, "how could I forget", and with that, the viking couple rode off on their dragons for the rest of the day, both oblivious to the extreme events that were soon to come.

(Oh come on, I needed some Hiccstrid in here, but don't worry, like I said, the main focus will stay on Stoick, and yes, he will remember his name soon, so don't worry about that, but I DID put Hiccup and Astrid there for a REASON, it wasn't JUST for a Hiccstrid, there is a purpose for it, read and review and see you tomorrow, this is Moonlight Snowflake signing off)

5. Chapter 5: Nadders and Secrets

(If you looked on my announcements, I said this would be out by Sunday, and I kept my promise, I spent most of my week fixing the outline's for my stories, ALSO, I have been messaged by an anonymous source, that someone else is also making a fic about Stoick surviving, if you are reading this, I wish your fic the best and hope you enjoy mine, with that said, on with the show)

The man woke up the next morning from a dreamless sleep, he was alone, the room had an eerie quiet to it, it was unsettling, he half expected the sounds of dragons and complaining vikings to ring through his ears, followed by the sound of. . . .

Wait !, Dragons ? Complaining Vikings ? Where did that come from ?

He quickly rose to his feet, _"the only time a viking rests is to die"_ he turned around, "who said that ?" he quickly shook it off and went out the door, and strangely enough, the utter silence followed to the village, it looked deserted, not a sign of life could be seen. He walked around the town, wondering what had happened, no burns or damage seemed to have been done, so it couldn't have been an attack. Yet still, it was like a ghost town, no sound, this filling concern to the man.

After walking through to the town square his eyes darted to a large building, outside it, there were two tall torches lit up. He approached this large building, "must be where they approach meetings". As thought, once he opened the door, rows and rows of seats were filled up with villagers and at the end of the aisle was a smaller group centered around Arriana.

"I'll try and reason with him if I can.but. . .but if I can't we'll have no choice but to surrender"

"You can't be serious Arriana"

"What would happen to you"

"He's insane"

"We should fight"

"ENOUGH", the woman yelled, as she raised her hand for the townspeople's silence, "it's time we face reality, his army overpowers ours, we won't stand a chance if he attacks, surrender is the best option for the tribe"

"WAIT", all eyes, including the red bearded man's turned to the young girl standing up to the crowd, "there is a way we can win"!

"May, sit down" Arriana ordered.

"Wait, let's hear what the girl has say" someone called out in the crowd. Arriana sighed and allowed her daughter to speak, "well May"

"The dragons, we can use them,"

"Use them ?, their beasts" someone called out.

"No, their wild animals, and any animal can be taught to obey, if we could somehow _train them_ then we could.

"NO !", Arriana stopped her.

May tried to object "but if we could just.

"I am not risking the lives of my people on such a ludicrous plan, my decision stands meeting adjourned"

One tried to debate. "But Arriana. . . .

"_Meeting_. _Adjourned_." she said more strictly and coldly.

People began to leave, May was the first, the moment it ended she bolted out the door, others quickly followed, but Arriana stayed behind, slumped in her chair, rubbing the temples of her head.

"What am I going to do ?" she muttered.

"May I ask, what is happening ?" the man asked, Arriana looked up to him, "_*sigh*_", my home is being attacked."

"By who ?"

Arriana took one of the sheets of paper from the table and handed it to him, "take a look".

To The Chief of Graylore

_Dear Arriana, you have yet to respond to any of my other letters, though you may not realize it now. I'm giving you a kindness, surrendering your island is what is best for all of us. Ever since your husbands death, you have had to carry the weight of leadership that a woman clearly isn't able to hold. Allow me to take over now and retire you from the stress. One of my ships shall come soon

enough to settle your surrender, after which I shall come myself to collect. But be warned, any signs of rebellion or war shall be quickly ended, but it won't end pretty, do us both a kindness and relinquish your control of Graylore._

Sincerely Chief of the Berserkers Dagur the Deranged_

"Ahh" he shrieked, putting his hands to his head to try and ease the sudden pounding in his skull.

He was down at a dock, a ship was coming in, a large board was laid down and approaching him was two figures. One was a short man with thick burly dark gray beard and mustache, large nose, light jade colored eyes and a warm smile, "ah Stoick, so nice to see you again, you remember my son Dagur", the second figure tall and muscular, dark red hair, war paint, a scowl and crazy look in his eye, the one apparently called Dagur grabbed a knife and threw it towards someone next to Stoick

But before he could turn to face the one beside him, a bright flash appeared.

"Sir, sir, are you alright"

He woke up on the ground with soft gray eyes staring at him with utter concern.

"St. . . sto. . . Sto-ick Stoick"

"Huh what are you talking about" Arrianna asked, he was fine just a minute ago then all of a sudden he started groaning in pain and just like that, he fainted.

"Stoick. . . Stoick, my name"

"You remember !"

"Yes I think I do. . . .Arriana. . . what happened to Dagur's father"

Arriana blinked in confusion, "his father ?"

Stoick nodded, "yes, what ever became of him, something must have or Dagur wouldn't be chief"

Arriana sighed, "his father was a kind and benevolent man, he was a fair leader. . .but he died, no one knows how all they ever found was an ax _deep_ in his chest, rumors speculated towards Dagur being the murderer, but no one ever found proof"

My father has been. . . retired

Put down that ax Dagur

My father ****was**** a coward

That voice rolled in Stoick's skull, "I'm sure he lives up to his name".

"Stoick, do. . . .do you know him somehow ?" Arriana said

concerned.

"I don't know how or when, but I think do" he answered.

"Well what about.
.

Arriana and Stoick rushed outside to the sound of the scream, a group of wild nadders were attacking the village, men were in attacking mode, but the most shocking was May. In the middle of the town square, approaching one of the nadders.

"It's okay, it's okay"

Cautious of yelling would disrupt the beast, Arriana calmly but sternly called for her daughter, "May, back away from it"

"No, you need to see this, there _not what we think they are"
another flash, Stoick was watching someone inches from a monstrous
nightmare, slowly approaching it

"MAY GET AWAY FROM THERE" Arriana quickly ran towards her and pushed her out of the way, but it was too late, the nadder had already been provoked and quickly became enraged, ready to attack the pair. Through reflex and instinct, Stoick grabbed a nearby hammer and through it at the reptile, making it chase after him, he ran up the steps of a nearby house, as the reptile was about to fire he jumped up and clamped closed it's mouth. It wriggled and riled, trying to get the mountain of a man off it. The other nadders began to flee and called out to the other. The dragon was able to shake Stoick off him and fly away from the island with the rest of it's pack.

Once they left, Stoick walked over to Arriana and May, "are you two alright ?"

"Yes, I think so, thank you for saving us" Arriana said graciously, but then she turned to her daughter with an icy cold glare, "do you understand now May, these monsters can't be trained".

* * *

><p>Stoick spent the rest of the day with the villagers, help repairing the damage done by the nadders. "Does this happen often ?" Stoick asked, he and a few of the men were up on the roofs fixing the damages.<p>

"Thankfully no, they hardly come to Graylore".

Arriana watched them work from her window, "Stoick" she thought, the name sounded familiar, just something about it rang a bell, but she couldn't place how it did, "but he knows Dagur" she thought, "for all we know, he could be a spy, specifically placed on our shores. . . .but he saved us, if he was working for Dagur, letting the nadder finish us would made his conquest easier" at the moment, she didn't know what to think. Someone would be coming in a few days to collect their surrender, she didn't have time to think about Stoick and May, where did she get such an idea anyway.

Arriana sighed, she looked to a small painting on the table, of her family, she could still remember when it was painted, May was much more cheerful back then, as was everyone, she allowed her thumb to stroke the painted face of the man in the picture, tall and muscular with black hair and soft hazel eyes.

" Halden I just don't know what to do"

* * *

><p>May ran down to the Graylore beach with a salmon in her hand, the nadders had fled, she was so close, so close to showing them the truth, all she would had needed would had been a few more minutes before her mother interfered. Unknown to all but her, down at the far end of the island, there was a small sea cave. May quickly looked around the beach to make sure no one was watching and she went down to the entrance of her secret hiding spot. The sea cave was slick it was almost impossible to trip, and the sound of water droplets falling from the cavern roof to the floor didn't help, but it was still a favorite place for May, like her own little secret.

Approaching the end of the cave she dropped the fish to the larger sleeping figure at the end, "hey, I'm back".

(So not the most exciting chapter, but it all fits in my outline, so don't worry, the man in Stoick's first flashback is Oswald the Agrreable, he and Dagur are in the TV series, SO, can you guess who May is talking to, I'm **sorry if this chapter seemed weak, it's been a while since I updated this one)**

ALSO ANNOUNCEMENT, a friend of mine wants me to help her at a summer camp, the problem is, I don't know if they have internet, so you might not get another update till the end of the week, right now, I'm trying to work on the next chapter in this story, which I hope I can get out before I leave, with that said, read and review and this is Moonlight Snowflake signing off)

End
file.